

The Weirder on Baker Street



The Weirdo on Baker Street (VERSION 1) by Lela Penn

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Summary: After investigating at Baskerville, Sherlock and John soon discover that things worse than they imagined were being practiced there when a strange girl enters their lives. A girl known only as Eleven.

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

There had been many conspiracies involving the Baskerville research facility. Some involved aliens. Others involved mutating animals into monsters. However, while these theories were incorrect, there was a dark secret that Baskerville was hiding... Experiments involving the access to another world. Experiments that nobody before Doctor Brenner had attempted... But the main experiment involved a young girl. A girl born with strange abilities. A girl who had grown up in this hidden laboratory... And this girl was finally making her escape.

It had been weeks since the Baskerville case... And Sherlock Holmes was, once again, bored out of his mind. Which resulted in his flatmate and best friend, John Watson, being annoyed out of his mind by the detective's nearly constant complaining and pacing. John searched and searched for a case that would interest Sherlock, but all of his suggestions were turned down with the same word: "Boring." One rainy evening, John was looking through the newspaper again, looking for anything that would interest his friend, who was stretched out on the couch in his bathrobe, staring at the ceiling. "Anything?" the detective murmured.

"Nothing you'd find interesting," John replied with a small sigh, his eyes still scanning through the paper for something that may grab Sherlock's attention.

"Of course not..." the consulting detective muttered in an annoyed tone, turning over on his side and curling up like a pouting child. Just then, John noticed something.

"Huh... Another missing person," he said. "That's the third one in the past-"

"Those are generic, dull cases, they do not interest me," Sherlock said. "You should know that by now, John. At least I hope you would know it, you can't possibly be that idiotic..."

John sighed again, getting annoyed. He'd been having to put up with Sherlock's constant whining for what felt like months.

"You never know, they could be interesting," he said.

"If there were anything interesting enough about the case to deserve my time, it would be in the paper and, therefore, you would have

read it to me, I would look into it, and we wouldn't be having this conversation," Sherlock answered. "So far, it hasn't been anything but ordinary missing person cases."

John was silent for a moment before speaking once more.

"Sherlock, why don't you just take one of the-"

"NO, John, I am not taking one of those cases," Sherlock interrupted.

"Do you honestly think I'm going to waste my time on that? Don't be an idiot, John."

That was it. John needed a break. He inhaled and exhaled sharply, setting the newspaper to the side and standing up from his armchair, walking toward the door and grabbing his coat and umbrella.

"... Where are you going?" Sherlock asked, his tone switching from angry to curious.

"I'm going out for a while, I'll be back later," John said, clearly irritated, before walking out of the flat, down the stairs, and outside into the rain. He opened his umbrella and began walking.

She had been running for days. She had barely eaten anything. She was exhausted. Lost. Afraid.

Now, she had found her way into a city. The presence of that many human beings made her nervous. She hadn't been in such a populated place before... Then again, she hadn't been many places. The only places she had been other than the lab were the few small towns that she had passed through on her way here, and she hadn't stayed in any of those areas for very long.

People were rushing up and down the sidewalks, trying to hurry back to their flats, or trying to get into a restaurant or shop. However, quite a few people still slowed down to stare at the thin, dirty child walking through the rain.

"Are you okay, young man?" one man asked the girl. He assumed that the girl was male, and so did everyone else. She had a shaved head and wore a boy's clothing. Clothing that had been given to her by a man she stayed with for a very short while before she had made her way to the city. That stay didn't last long... The bad people almost caught her there.

The girl simply stared at the man with a curious, frightened expression before hurrying on. She hated all the looks people were giving her. She didn't want attention on her.

Eventually, she made her way into a less-busy part of the city and down an alley. She sat down beside a dumpster. It wasn't very

comfortable, but at least nobody could see her from where she was sitting. She hugged her knees up to her chest, closing her eyes and slowly calming down...

That was when she heard a commotion in the alleyway.

John grunted as he was shoved against the wall of the alley. He struggled to fight against the men who were attacking him, but he was outnumbered. There were three of them, two of them much taller than him. He cried out in pain as he was punched in the face, being knocked to the ground.

"Just give us your money, and this'll all be over..." one of the men said. Another chuckled darkly.

"Fuck off..." John growled as he slowly got up, punching the man who spoke. Another man grabbed him, shoving him onto the ground harshly.

"Watch your mouth," he snapped, kicking him in the side. Hard. John grunted in pain, struggling to get up. The men had him surrounded...

"Now hand over your money... And we won't have to do anything else," the first man said, glaring at him, but grinning. John tried to get up again, but was kicked in the side.

"No... Stay there. Get your wallet out of your pocket," the first man demanded.

"No..." John growled. The first man sighed.

"Well, then, we'll have to do this the hard way..." he said, taking a knife out of his pocket. John slowly got up as the man approached him. He was ready to fight back... When suddenly, the man was thrown onto the ground. The other two men looked just as confused and shocked as John. All of them looked in the direction that the force that knocked him down came from. To their surprise, a little boy stood there, glaring at them.

"You little..." one of the men growled, stepping towards him. The boy jerked his head to the side, focusing on the man. There was a snapping noise, and the man cried out in pain. The man's arm had been bent in an odd angle, clearly broken. John's eyes widened in shock.

"What the hell..." the third man muttered, stepping back.

"Go," the child said. "Now..."

"How the hell did you do that you little frea-" one of the men said, rushing towards the child. Suddenly, he was frozen in his tracks... And then thrown back to the end of the alleyway, crying out as he

landed. As this was happening, John watched in shock... This couldn't be real. Could it? This wasn't possible, he had to be seeing things... The child's nose had begun to bleed.

"Go," they repeated, glaring at the men. The men, clearly frightened, rushed away, helping their friend up at the end of the alley and rushing off with him. John watched them go before turning to the child. He or she appeared to be around 11 or 12 years old, their hair was shaved, and they wore a boy's clothing, but had a more feminine voice, which made John confused about whether or not this was a male or female.

"How... How did you do that?" John asked. "Is it some sort of magic trick or-"

He stopped speaking as the child collapsed.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Sherlock sighed as he stared at the ceiling. When was John going to get back? His boredom was bad enough on his own, but John's company made it a bit more bearable. At least he had someone to complain to. Suddenly, he heard footsteps rushing up the stairs towards the front door. He raised a brow, looking towards the door. Was it John? The footsteps seemed heavier than John's would be, and why would John be in such a hurry?

"Sherlock, let me in!" the doctor's muffled voice was heard just outside the front door. Sherlock quickly got up, rushing to the door. He figured John must be carrying something. That would explain why he couldn't open the door, and why his footsteps seemed heavier. But what could he be carrying? He had just gone grocery shopping the day before, so he couldn't have gone to the store again. These thoughts rushed through Sherlock's mind as he opened the door for his flatmate, and got the answer to his question.

John was standing there, drenched from the rain, carrying a barely conscious child in his arms.

"John, you don't honestly expect me to believe that this child was able to throw a man down, break a man's arm, and throw a man several feet away using her mind."

"Look, I know what it sounds like, Sherlock, but I'm only telling you what I saw."

"There's got to be a rational explanation, John. I highly doubt that this child has psychokinetic abilities."

"I know it sounds crazy, Sherlock, but all I'm saying is that... There's something odd here. Immediately after he-or she- did those things, they started bleeding from their nose and passed out-"

"Yes, you mentioned that. And I didn't say that something odd wasn't going on, there clearly is... But there must be a realistic explanation."

The girl slowly awoke as she heard the two men speaking. She looked at them, recognizing the shorter, blond man as the man she had saved in the alley. Based on the conversation she had overheard, she figured his name was John. The taller man with dark hair (who she figured must be Sherlock) looked at her as she slowly sat up.

"They're up," he said. John looked at her.

"Are you alright?" he asked in a soft, caring tone, walking over to her. She nodded. She felt uneasy as the taller man stared at her with a curious look in his eyes.

"It's okay, we aren't going to hurt you," John assured her. "My name's John, and this is Sherlock. What's your name?"

The girl was silent before slowly showing him her wrist. The two men looked at it and saw a small tattoo on it.

"Is... That a real tattoo?" John asked, pointing at it. His finger was close to the tattoo, and the girl jerked her wrist away.

"... Name," the girl said after a few seconds.

"That's... Your name? Eleven?" John asked. The girl nodded.

"Oh, YES!" Sherlock suddenly exclaimed, causing Eleven to jump, startled. John gave his friend a stern look.

"Sherlock-"

"John, this just keeps getting more and more interesting, don't spoil it," the excited man said before looking at Eleven. "Where are you from?"

The girl was silent...

"Bad," she spoke in a whisper.

"A bad place?" Sherlock asked. She nodded.

"What place? Wait, no, don't answer that, I can figure it out," Sherlock said. John sighed, rolling his eyes.

"I take it you've run away from that place, and been on the run for several days at the very least," Sherlock said. He looked down at her feet.

"You've got red clay on your shoes-which, might I add, were not originally yours-that appears to have been there for several days. That means you either ran away several days ago or got these shoes several days ago after you had already been on the run. I know this because the mud is fairly fresh but not completely. Now, this information tells me you were in the countryside in a place that is several days away from London on foot, and that mixed with your shaved head and tattoo implies that-"

Sherlock suddenly paused, his eyes wide. He had been looking at Eleven the whole time, but now his eyes stared off into space.

"... Baskerville," he whispered.

"What?" John asked, not hearing him.

"Baskerville... You're from Baskerville," Sherlock said, looking at Eleven. The girl didn't respond for a few seconds, but she slowly

nodded, a hint of sadness in her eyes. John's eyes widened. The two men exchanged glances. Something... Strange was going on here. Something very strange.

"You said there was something out of the ordinary that you would like me to see?" Mycroft Holmes asked one of his workers as he entered the security room.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes," the woman said, pointing to a screen that was playing a clip from a few minutes earlier. Mycroft looked at the screen. It was footage of an alleyway, where three men were attempting to rob a man. A man Mycroft recognized as his little brother's flatmate, John Watson. Then his eyes widened as he watched one man get shoved down, the second's arm get broken, and the third get thrown several feet away by... Nothing. That was when John Watson rushed off camera for a moment, and then reappeared in the footage carrying an unconscious child in his arms.

"Hmm..." Mycroft said, narrowing his eyes. "I'll ask Sherlock about this. He brought the child back to their flat, correct?"

"Yes, we have footage of that," the woman answered. The older Holmes brother nodded. He'd wished he hadn't been busy dealing with... Someone else when this footage was being picked up. He could have done something about it sooner. He had a feeling about who this child was...

And had a feeling that she was dangerous.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

John had decided to sleep in the living room that night, allowing Eleven to sleep in his room. Sherlock, who usually stayed up all night, had agreed to tell Mrs. Hudson first thing that morning about the girl, so that the woman wouldn't be shocked at the sight of her. However, Sherlock had gotten distracted by his research on Baskerville. Which resulted in John being woken up by a shriek of shock from Mrs. Hudson. He quickly got up, rushing towards his room.

"John! There's-" Mrs. Hudson paused when she saw John in the hallway. "John, there's a child in your room, I-"

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Hudson, Sherlock was supposed to tell you when you first arrived," John said the last bit of the sentence a bit longer so Sherlock could hear from his bedroom. Eleven seemed rather worried by this, so John gave her a reassuring nod.

"Just wait here, okay? One moment," he said to the girl before leading Mrs. Hudson out of the bedroom and closing the door.

"Is he an orphan? Why is he here? Is he homeless? Oh, dear..." the landlady said, clearly worried and shocked.

"She, actually," John corrected. "As far as if she's an orphan or homeless... I'm not entirely sure. But she..."

John wasn't sure if he should tell Mrs. Hudson about the girl taking down three grown men without laying a finger on them.

"She's alone, and lost, and she was unconscious in the rain, so she's going to be staying here until we find out where else she can go," he continued. "But you mustn't tell anybody about her."

Mrs. Hudson was silent for a few seconds.

"If you say so, I won't say a word..." she said. "Oh, dear, the poor thing is filthy... I'll get a bath ready for her."

"I'm sure she'd appreciate that," John said with a small smile. "Now, I've got to go discuss something with Sherlock..."

The doctor left Mrs. Hudson to tend to Eleven and walked to Sherlock's bedroom. He knocked twice.

"Come in," the detective responded. John entered the room. Sherlock was sitting on his bed with his legs criss-crossed, staring at his laptop.

"Sherlock, I thought we agreed that you would tell-

"John, I believe I've found something interesting," the detective interrupted. "Perhaps the girl having psychokinetic abilities is... Possible. I found an article about a woman named Terry Ives. She was involved in a project called MK Ultra twelve years ago. According to the article, she claimed she had a child during the project that was taken from her, but apparently she had a miscarriage. They say she lost her mind after the miscarriage and convinced herself that she had had the baby, but that it was taken from her."

"But what if..." John started.

"It wasn't, and the child really was taken from her," Sherlock finished.

"The project was run by Dr. Martin Brenner in Indiana, but it was supposedly shut down."

"Well, what was the project, exactly?"

"It doesn't say. Nobody knows for sure what it was. But anyway, as far as psychokinesis, I've saved the most interesting part for last. Miss Ives claimed that her child had psychokinetic abilities, which is why the doctor took her away from her."

John's eyes widened. The two stared at each other, Sherlock with a serious expression and John with a shocked one.

"There's definitely something more to this... Something's being covered up," John said.

"Indeed, John," Sherlock replied. "And we are going to figure out what exactly it is."

"I've made you some breakfast, love," Mrs. Hudson said to Eleven after she had taken her bath. She was wearing one of John's nightshirts, which was much too big for her, but it was the only thing she could wear while her other clothes were being washed. She looked around as she walked into the kitchen, appearing fascinated by everything, especially Sherlock's microscope, which was on the table.

"Oh, I've told that man to clean up after himself," Mrs. Hudson said with a sigh. "I do apologize for the mess."

The landlady pulled a chair out for Eleven, and the girl sat down as a plate containing eggs, a waffle, and sausage was put in front of her. She glanced up at Mrs. Hudson, as if asking for permission to eat it.

"Go on, dear," the woman replied with a smile. Eleven quickly began eating. She ate fast. She hadn't eaten enough in days. The most she'd had since she ran away was an apple. Mrs. Hudson watched, feeling

more and more concerned about this girl. Why hadn't she had enough to eat? Where were her parents?

"Well, I've got some more work to do, dear, but John and Sherlock are right here," she said. "They'll take good care of you, I promise."

She smiled at Eleven, who gave a small smile back. Mrs. Hudson then walked away. Eleven continued eating. A moment later, John walked in to check on her.

"Sorry about the scare this morning," he said, sitting down across from her. "Erm... How are you?"

"Fine..." Eleven responded in her usual quiet tone. John nodded.

"That's good," he said.

"You?" she asked. John raised a brow, then remembered the attack from the night before. With all the other things going on he had forgotten about it, barely noticing how sore he was from it.

"Oh, right-er-I'm fine," he replied with a slight smile. Eleven nodded, going back to eating. John also noticed how quickly she devoured her food.

"Well, erm... Sherlock and I have to go out for a while today," John said. "But Mrs. Hudson will be here when you need her, so you won't be by yourself."

Eleven looked up at him, taking a bite of her waffle.

"I'm going to buy some clothes for you while we're out... Er... Anything particular you'd want to wear?" John asked. The girl shook her head in response.

"Alright, well-"

"Here," Sherlock cut John off as he walked in and over to Eleven. He was now fully dressed, wearing a purple dress shirt and black pants. He handed Eleven his cell phone.

"We'll call you when we're heading back. If the caller ID says John, answer it. Ignore any other calls or texts, got it?" Sherlock asked. Eleven stared at the phone, then looked up at Sherlock, nodding.

"Good," the detective responded. "Now come along, John, we've got to get going."

The taller man rushed out of the flat. John was confused as to why Sherlock gave Eleven his phone. He then smiled slightly at Eleven.

"Er... I'll see you in a bit," he said before leaving. Eleven watched them go...

"Why did you give her your phone?" John asked as they walked out onto the street.

"Mycroft has been calling and texting me constantly," Sherlock

answered. "I'd like a break from it."

Mycroft sighed. Of course his little brother was ignoring his text messages again. He usually did, especially if he was focused on a case. And the older Holmes brother had a feeling he knew what the case was. After getting a better look at what the girl in the videos looked like, he knew that she was the girl who had gone missing from Baskerville. Mycroft wasn't completely sure what tests were being done on her there. Despite what Sherlock said, he didn't run the whole government. So he wasn't told what experiments were happening in that hidden part of the laboratory. But he knew that the girl was dangerous, and the security camera footage showed that clearly.

After she ate, Eleven got up and began exploring around the flat. She stared at the skull on the mantel in the living room, reaching up and touching it. She then looked over at the television, staring at her reflection. Her eyes then wandered to the wall, where she saw a yellow smiley face had been painted on it. There were also three bullet holes inside the smiley face. She tilted her head as she stared at it. There were certainly some odd things in this flat...

She started to feel hungry again, so she walked back to the kitchen, opening the freezer. Her eyes widened when she saw a box with pictures of waffles on it. They didn't look exactly like the ones Mrs. Hudson had made, but they were still waffles. She took them out of the freezer and opened the box, taking one out. It was cold, but she took a bite anyway. It didn't taste quite as good as the one's she'd had earlier, but it was still good. She began walking around some more, heading back towards John's bedroom. She looked around. Nothing too interesting in here... Then she opened the drawer beside his bed and saw a gun. Her eyes widened as she stared at it... Memories flashed through her mind. Bad ones...

Eleven had been running/walking non-stop for hours. She was growing tired, and hungry, but she knew that stopping was not an option. Not here. There were nothing but woods and fields around her, and she was still too close to Baskerville, so stopping anywhere just yet was out of the question. Eventually, she came across a small restaurant/inn. She could smell the food that was being prepared inside, and her stomach growled. She hadn't eaten anything that day. She cautiously approached the door, stepping

inside. Two men were heard talking inside, but she couldn't see them.

"Oh, sounds like someone's here," one of the men said.

"Already? Well, that was quick," the second man said. "I'll go take care of them."

A man walked into the room.

"Hello, welcome to-" he paused when he saw Eleven, his eyes wide. She was a rather odd sight, with her shaved hair and the hospital gown she was wearing. After the initial shock wore off a bit, the man spoke again.

"Do you want something to eat...?" he asked. Eleven nodded eagerly. He led her to a small room in the back of the restaurant and got some food for her.

Soon, it was evening. The restaurant was empty... For a moment. Suddenly, a woman in a suit came into the restaurant.

"Oh, welcome," one of the men said with a friendly smile.

"You reported a case of child abuse?" she asked. The first man looked at the second man, surprised. He must not have known the other man called the police.

"Yes, this little boy came into our restaurant. Poor thing was starving," the second man said. "We think he's-"

Suddenly, a man walked in, standing beside the woman. Each of them pulled out a gun... And shot the men in the head. Eleven heard the silenced gunshot, and her eyes widened. She peeked through the slightly open door and saw the two men laying dead on the floor. Her heart began to beat faster in fear, and she quickly ran towards the back door. Two men came in through the door she was trying to escape from, pointing guns at her. She stopped in her tracks, her eyes wide in fear. She then focused on one of the men, slamming him against the wall (and simultaneously knocking the other's gun out of his hand,) and knocking him out. The other man quickly tried to pick up his gun, but Eleven turned her focus to him and sharply jerked her head to the side. The man's neck was snapped. She then ran out of the restaurant, as fast as her legs could carry her.

Eleven shook her head to snap herself out of her flashback. She didn't want to think about that... She quickly closed the drawer, looking around the room as she struggled to think of something else. But the images of those two dead men were stuck in her mind, and no matter how hard she tried to erase the memory, it stayed. Suddenly, she heard a soft, barely audible buzzing sound coming from the kitchen.

Raising a brow, she walked into the kitchen to investigate what the noise was. She followed the sound to the table and found that Sherlock's phone was making that noise. A name was on the screen. "Mycroft." Eleven picked up the phone. She knew she wasn't supposed to answer unless it was John, but she wanted the buzzing to stop. However, she wasn't sure how to use a cell phone. She pressed a small icon that was on the screen. The buzzing stopped, but then she heard talking. Curious, she held the phone up to her ear.

"Finally. It's about time you answered, little brother," a man was saying. "I need to have a discussion with you."

Eleven was silent...

"... Hello? Sherlock?" the man asked. "Sherlock, I know you're there, stop being such a child and say something. I have some questions about that child that Dr. Watson brought to your flat."

The girl's eyes widened in fear. Who was this man? How did he know about her? Was he working with Baskerville? Eleven quickly pressed another icon on the screen. A red one that ended the call.

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

John had never really been a fan of shopping. But this trip was, unlike previous shopping trips, rather awkward. He'd never shopped for girl's clothing before. He wasn't sure what to get for Eleven. A dress, maybe? And what about her hair? He'd have to get her a wig... He sighed. Suddenly, Sherlock rushed over to him.

"Are you done yet?" the detective asked, clearly getting impatient.

"Sherlock, I've barely even looked at anything, we just got here," John said, rolling his eyes.

"Well, we've got something important to look into, so could you please hurry up?" Sherlock asked in a whisper.

"I'm trying, believe me..." the doctor sighed, looking back at the clothes. He quickly grabbed a few T-shirts, a dress, and a few pairs of jeans. He wasn't certain if they would fit or not, but they seemed to be around her size. Besides, Sherlock was getting impatient and John didn't want his friend making a scene in the middle of the store, so he figured he'd better hurry up.

"Done now?" Sherlock asked. He had been standing at the edge of the girls' clothing section, leaning against a shelf. John was approaching him with the clothes in his arms.

"Yep," he said, walking past his friend and towards the checkout. Sherlock nodded once and followed him.

"I've got to find a wig for her now," John said in a quiet voice as the two men left the store.

"Well, it can wait, we've got more important things to do right now," Sherlock responded.

"Like what? You never told me your plan."

"We're going to find more information about MK Ultra. There are barely any articles about it on the surface web, but if I can get onto the deep web, perhaps I'll learn some more information. *Then* we're going back to Baskerville."

"So we're just going home?"

"No, you are. I'm going to an associate of mine's flat. He knows all there is to know about those things. I'll go get that taken care of, you go make sure Eleven is alright."

John sighed.

"Alright, I'll see you in a bit," he said before raising his hand to get a cab to stop. He got into the cab.

"221B Baker Street," he told the cabby, and he headed back to the flat.

Eleven had been pacing around the flat frantically. She didn't know what to do. She didn't want to leave the flat. London intimidated her, and besides, she figured John and Sherlock hadn't betrayed her, but... What if they had? What if they had brought her up to whoever that man was on the phone? What if, if she stayed, she was caught and taken back to Baskerville? Eventually, she stopped pacing, sitting on the couch in the living room and hugging her knees up to her chest. Her eyes were focused on the floor. Where were John and Sherlock? Shouldn't they be back by now? Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the front door opening. She looked up and saw John enter.

"Back now," he said, smiling. "I got you some clothes."

He put the small bundle of clothes he had been carrying on his armchair.

"Phone call..." Eleven said. John raised a brow when he noticed the fear in her tone and expression.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Man... Called. He asked about me..." she said, looking up at John. John's eyes widened. Mycroft... It had to have been Mycroft.

"Hey, hey, it's okay..." he said, seeing her fear. "Nothing bad is going to happen, okay? You won't be going back to the lab. I promise."

"Promise...? What's... Promise?" Eleven asked, tilting her head. John blinked, his nose twitching out of habit.

"W-well, er... A promise is... Something that you tell someone, and it's something that you can't break," he said. "So... When I say that I promise you aren't going back to the lab, I can't break that, you see?" Eleven slowly nodded, relaxing slightly.

"Yeah," John said, smiling a bit. "So, um... You can go try on some of these clothes, if you want."

He grabbed the small stack of clothing off of the chair and held it out to Eleven, who nodded and... Started to pull off the nightshirt.

"Whoa, whoa, no no no," John quickly stopped her. She raised a brow, looking a bit startled and confused.

"Erm, how about you change in my room where you can have some privacy, yeah?" the doctor said with an awkward smile, his nose

twitching. Eleven slowly nodded, taking the clothes and walking to John's room. John watched as she walked away. How did she not know she needed to change privately? Did they not even teach her that at the lab? He shook his head, sighing softly.

A moment later, Eleven stepped out of John's room. She was wearing the light pink dress John had bought.

"Wow, you look pretty," John said with a friendly smile. Eleven smiled back, clearly appreciating the compliment. She'd never been called pretty before...

Meanwhile, Sherlock was standing beside his associate, Scott Clarke, who was searching through the deep web for information on the story Sherlock had told him about.

"Anything?" the detective asked.

"Not much. Though someone anonymously published something about it. They didn't say a whole lot, but they said that Dr. Brenner is indirectly involved with the missing person cases," Scott replied.

"I'm listening..." Sherlock said.

"Apparently, he was doing some experiments involving psychokinesis, and somehow he... Released something."

"Released what?"

"It doesn't say. The person writing this had to be vague. But he says that he was there when the experiment went wrong and... The thing that got released wasn't of this world."

"Hm. I see," Sherlock said, not sounding convinced. "Anyway, thank you for your time."

The detective turned to leave.

"Wait, why did you want to know about-?" Scott began, but Sherlock had already left.

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

John had left the flat once again, going out to buy a wig for Eleven. All of the clothes fit her well, but with her shaved head, the people looking for her could easily recognize her, and John wanted to prevent that. Even though he didn't know her well, he had a strong desire to protect her. He didn't want her, or any child, to have to live the kind of life she was living at the lab. The doctor wasn't entirely sure what was going on in that lab, but he knew it was bad. He could see it in Eleven's eyes. She had the eyes of someone who had been through many terrible things. John knew those eyes all too well. He sighed softly, thinking these things to himself as he rode in the back of a cab, heading to a cosplay store. He wasn't sure if he could find a good wig there, but this was a start at least. But that wasn't his main concern. His main concern was leaving Eleven alone at the flat. Yes, Mrs. Hudson was there, but what if something bad happened? What if the people from the lab figured out that she was in their flat and broke in? John shook his head. They couldn't know where she was... He had to stay calm. Besides, the girl had shown that she could defend herself. He hadn't seen her use her psychokinesis since the attack in the alleyway, but he assumed that she must only use it when necessary, judging by the fact that she passed out after using it that night. He nodded slightly to himself. Yeah, she'd be fine... But worry still gripped his heart.

After trying on all of the clothes, Eleven had decided to wear the pink dress John had gotten for her. She felt pretty in it, which was a new feeling to her. It made her... Happy. Especially when Mrs. Hudson got so excited to see her in it.

"Oh, dear, you look wonderful!" she had said. Eleven had smiled, feeling even happier than before.

After John had toasted some Eggos for the girl, (she seemed to love them,) he left to go shopping some more, and now Mrs. Hudson was in the kitchen with Eleven, making an apple pie as a surprise for the boys.

"Would you like to help me, dear?" the landlady asked with a smile, noticing how the young girl seemed fascinated by what she was

doing. Eleven looked up at Mrs. Hudson, nodding.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, come over here, love, and I'll show you what to do," Mrs. Hudson replied. Eleven walked over to her side. She followed the woman's instructions, helping her put the sliced apples into the pie crust, then helping her put the top crust over the apples.

"See? Easy," Mrs. Hudson said, smiling. Eleven smiled back. A moment later, the pie was in the oven.

"Alright, love, I've got some other things to take care of. Will you be alright here alone for a bit?" Mrs. Hudson asked. Eleven nodded, but seemed a bit nervous.

"How long?" she asked.

"Oh, not long at all," Mrs. Hudson assured her. The girl nodded in response, and the landlady left the flat. Eleven sighed, walking over to the oven and looking through the glass. She wasn't sure how long it would be until the pie was ready, and she was feeling hungry. She walked to the table and picked up one of the few Eggos that were sitting on a plate, taking a bite of it and starting to walk into the living room. But she paused when, in the complete silence that followed after she had chewed and swallowed the bite of waffle she had taken, she heard footsteps slowly coming up the stairs towards the front door. She looked towards the door, holding her breath and listening closely. She heard someone softly singing to themselves. The voice sounded male, but it wasn't John or Sherlock. Dropping the Eggo, she rushed into the hallway. The footsteps were getting very close. She saw her best option was to hide in the hall closet. Her breathing became a bit faster at the thought of going into a closet, but... She knew she had to. Gathering up her courage, she opened the closet door and stepped inside, but left the door barely cracked open, so it wouldn't be completely dark. She then stepped back, trembling slightly... The small, closed space caused her to have a flashback. A flashback of an incident at the lab.

Eleven hadn't obeyed her orders in the experiment they had been performing. They had been testing her to see if she could kill, placing a white rabbit in a cage in front of her. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she stared at the innocent animal. The last thing she wanted to do was hurt it, no matter what Papa told her. She began shaking her head, looking at her "papa" through the large window that he and his assistants were watching her through. Dr. Brenner looked disappointed and rather

irritated. Before she knew it, Eleven was being carried off by two men, kicking and screaming and crying, to the closet they locked her in whenever she disobeyed.

"PAPA! PLEASE!" she screamed, begging for Dr. Brenner to stop his assistants. But he just stared at her silently as she was carried down the hallway and thrown into the closet. The door was closed and locked. She screamed and begged, banging her fists onto the door. But it was pointless. She eventually sat against the wall, slowly sitting down and sobbing, alone in the darkness...

"I smell baking..." Eleven heard a man say as she snapped back to the present, tears in her eyes from the memory. She then heard sniffing.

"It's an apple pie..." the man said. "The glorious Mrs. Hudson..."

Whoever this was, he knew Mrs. Hudson, but... Somehow Eleven had a feeling he wasn't friendly. Who was he talking to?

"Hellooo..." the man said. "What's this...?"

Eleven held her breath, listening...

"Hmm... This is still warm... Someone must have been eating it very recently..." the man said. He must have found the Eggo Eleven had dropped on the floor.

"More waffles..." Eleven could hear him as he walked into the kitchen. "Surely Sherlock doesn't eat these, nor John... There must be a little mouse hiding in here~!"

He said the last sentence louder, and Eleven flinched, stepping further back into the closet, her back pressed against the wall.

"Ooo, what's this...?" he said, his footsteps going towards the living room. "Girl's clothes..."

The man chuckled.

"My, my, Sherlock... You must be hiding someone..."

Eleven didn't think she could stay in there much longer. The fear of this strange man mixed with the small space was too much for her to bear. She had to run... Slowly and quietly, she stepped closer to the door and peeked through the crack between the door and door frame. She could see the man in the living room. His back was facing her. He was wearing a light brown jacket and jeans, and had black slicked-back hair.

"Keep on hiding, little mouse... I'll be seeing you soon anyhow," he said, chuckling softly. He turned, and Eleven quickly stepped back into the darkness. She heard the front door open, followed by footsteps exiting the flat and the door shutting. She waited a few

seconds before quickly leaving the closet, breathing a bit heavier than usual. Part of her was relieved that she was out in the open again, but... Who was the man who came in? And when was he coming back?

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Sherlock rushed back into 221B, swinging the door open so fast that it slammed against the wall, startling the already-nervous Eleven, who was sitting on the couch, hugging her knees up to her chest. She looked at the detective with wide eyes.

"Oh, sorry, where's John?" he asked quickly, not seeming very sorry at all, but just saying it for the sake of saying it.

"Out..." she said, her eyes travelling down to the floor.

"Still?" Sherlock sighed in annoyance, closing the door and walking into the living room, sitting on his armchair. "I was hoping to have him here to help me interview you, it doesn't... Feel the same. It's distracting."

Sherlock said the last bit to himself, mostly, staring up at the ceiling.

"Well, I suppose I'll just wait for him..." the detective said. There was a moment of awkward silence, neither people knowing what to say.

"... Sherlock?" Eleven finally spoke.

"Yes?"

"Someone-"

Before the girl could finish, the door opened again. John stepped inside, carrying a shopping bag. He seemed rather tired, but also relieved.

"Finally back again," he said, walking into the living room after closing the front door. "I got something for you, Eleven."

Eleven tilted her head, raising a brow. John took a blond wig out of the plastic bag, holding it up. The girl's eyes widened. She stood up, walking over to him and taking the wig as he held it out to her. She ran her fingers through it before slowly putting it on. It was slightly crooked, so John reached out to her and gently straightened it.

"There you go," he said, grinning. Eleven ran her fingers through the wig again, not quite used to the feeling of it.

"You can go look in the mirror, if you'd like," John said, nodding towards the bathroom door. The girl walked silently to the bathroom, opening the door slowly and stepping inside. She gasped softly when she looked in the mirror and saw herself. She looked... Like a normal girl. And she felt... Pretty. Her lips slowly formed into a smile. A genuine smile. Something that she rarely wore. But that moment of

happiness quickly faded as the event that was replaying in the back of her mind caught her attention again. The visit from that strange man. She had to tell Sherlock and John... Had to know if that man was a friend or not. She was hoping that he was, though she knew in her heart that he wasn't.

"Eleven!" a call from Sherlock interrupted her thoughts, startling her slightly. "Come in here, I need to ask you some things, this is important."

"Sherlock..." she heard John sigh in exasperation. Eleven glanced at her reflection once more before walking back into the living room.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Take a seat, John and I are going to ask you some things about the lab," Sherlock said in a more soft tone as he gestured to the couch. Eleven looked up at John for a brief moment before walking to the couch, slowly sitting down. The detective sat in his armchair, and his friend was about to sit down as well, when a phone vibrated. John paused, looking towards Sherlock's phone, which was laying on the table.

"Go check it, John," Sherlock said with a sigh. "If it's Mycroft, ignore it. Anyone else, say I'm busy."

The doctor rolled his eyes, walking into the kitchen to check Sherlock's messages. Eleven watched him before looking back at the detective.

"Alright... What exactly was happening there? What did they do to you?" the man asked.

"... Bad..." Eleven said, looking down. Clearly, thinking about the events at the lab made her uncomfortable, to say the least.

"Bad things? What sort of bad things? You must be specific," Sherlock pressed on, hoping to get some more information.

As this was happening, John was staring at Sherlock's phone screen in shock, unable to say anything for a few seconds.

"Sherlock...?" he finally said.

"Hold on, John, she's about to-" Sherlock was interrupted.

"He's back," John said. Eleven from John to Sherlock, seeing the worry on John's face and the shock in Sherlock's eyes. The detective's eyes narrowed into a serious glare.

"Give me my phone," he said, holding out his hand, but not looking at his friend. His eyes were fixed straight ahead. John handed the other man his cell phone, looking at Eleven, who was looking back at him with a confused and worried look on her face.

"What is it...?" she asked as Sherlock read the text he had received:

"Come and play.

Tower Hill.

Jim Moriarty x."

"Sherlock and I have to go out for a while," John said, ignoring her question. "Stay here and-"

"There's a bad man on the loose. Jim Moriarty," Sherlock interrupted his friend, who gave him an annoyed look. Sherlock returned the look with one of slight confusion, silently saying: "What? What did I do wrong?"

"What does he... Look like?" Eleven asked. Both men looked at her.

"Black hair, brown eyes... Why?" Sherlock asked.

"Does he wear suits?" the girl asked. Sherlock and John exchanged glances, their eyes widening slightly.

"Yes... Why? Have you seen him?" John asked. Eleven's eyes slowly traveled down to the floor, and she nodded.

"Yes," she said. "He... He came inside... Earlier..."

"What?! He came over?! Why didn't you tell us?" Sherlock asked, standing up and raising his voice slightly. Eleven looked up at the man, startled by his sudden change in tone. She looked nervous as she stared at him, as if she were worried he was going to hurt her. John glared at his friend, who glanced back at him and then back at Eleven. He sighed.

"I'm... Sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you," he said in a quieter tone.

"But Jim Moriarty is a very dangerous man. If he came here, then..."

The detective suddenly looked away from the girl.

"Cameras..." he muttered, and practically leaped from his chair, beginning to move books around and look behind other knickknacks in search of any possible hidden cameras.

"Did he see you?" John asked Eleven, causing her to switch her focus from Sherlock over to him. She shook her head no.

"Did he say anything?" John asked.

"He said... He knew I was hiding... And he'd see me soon," she answered, looking down at the floor again. John instantly felt very worried. Did Jim know that it was Eleven specifically who was hiding? Did he know about the experiments at Baskerville?

"No cameras..." Sherlock said. John looked over and saw books and various other things strewn all over the floor. But he didn't really care. He had other things to worry about.

"We need to get going, John," the detective said, looking at his friend.

John seemed a bit hesitant about leaving, but he nodded.

"Alright," he said before turning to Eleven. "Stay here. We'll be back later."

Eleven didn't like the idea of being here alone... But she nodded, watching as the two men put on their coats and left the flat.

7. Chapter 7

Chapter 7

The next day, Sherlock was called to testify at Moriarty's trial. Eleven watched as John stood in front of the living room mirror, adjusting his tie.

"How long... Will you be gone?" she asked.

"To be honest... I don't know," John said, looking at her. "But we'll be back before you know it."

He forced a small smile to reassure her. She slowly returned the smile. Sherlock walked into the living room quickly, straightening his jacket.

"Ready?" John asked him, looking at him as he entered.

"Yes," Sherlock answered. The doctor turned to face Eleven.

"Alright, we'll see you in a bit," he said, smiling at her. Eleven could tell it was forced. She knew how worried he was. But she smiled back slightly, nodding. As the two men headed down the stairs, Eleven stood at the top of them and watched her friends leaving. When they opened the front door and stepped out, the girl immediately heard an explosion of noise. Many voices talking at once, and a bunch of clicking sounds. She stepped back... The noise made her uncomfortable. Closing the door, she returned to the living room and sat down, crossing her legs. Hoping with all her heart that the trial would go well. That Sherlock and John would be safe.

Jim Moriarty stared silently at the door of his cell, waiting. Waiting for the guards to come get him and take him into the courtroom. He smiled to himself, not worried at all. Yes, he had been caught on camera stealing the crown jewels, and was obviously guilty of that, and of the other crimes he had committed at the same time, (opening the vault at the Bank of England and unlocking all the cells at Pentonville Prison, using his cell phone,) but the jury wouldn't find him guilty. So the court trial wasn't really on his mind. What was on his mind was Sherlock Holmes... And whoever he was hiding in his flat. It must have been a girl, judging by the girl's clothes that were folded on the couch. But why would Sherlock have a little girl in his flat? He'd have to look into that when he got out of here... Perhaps he could use her in the game he was planning as well.

Just then, the guards came in, opening his cell door and leading him out and down the hallway. Jim kept a blank expression as he was led to the courtroom.

John watched nervously as the trial began, hoping against hope that Sherlock would listen to what he had told him earlier: "Remember what they told you: don't try to be clever..."

But he doubted that he would listen. After all, this was Sherlock Holmes. He would show off whenever he got a chance to.

"A 'consulting criminal'," the prosecuting barrister said in response to what the detective had said.

"Yes," Sherlock responded.

"Your words. Can you expand on that answer?"

"James Moriarty is for hire."

"A tradesman?"

"Yes."

"But not the sort who'd fix your heating."

"No, the sort who'd plant a bomb or stage an assassination, but I'm sure he'd make a decent job of your boiler."

A few people in the court chuckled at this remark. The prosecuting barrister nearly smiled, but quickly refrained, trying to remain serious.

"Would you describe him as-" she began.

"Leading," Sherlock interrupted.

"What?" she asked.

"Can't do that. You're leading the witness," he said, looking toward the defending barrister. "He'll object and the judge will uphold."

"Mr. Holmes!" the judge said, clearly a bit annoyed.

"Ask me how," Sherlock continued. "HOW would I describe him? What opinion have I formed of him? Do they not teach you this?"

"Mr. Holmes, we're fine without your help," the judge said.

"HOW would you describe this man? His character?" the prosecuting barrister restated her question.

"First mistake," Sherlock replied, his eyes locking with Moriarty's.

"James Moriarty isn't a man at all... He's a spider. A spider at the center of a web... A criminal web with a thousand threads and he knows precisely how each and every one of them dances."

Jim slowly nodded, seeming to approve of this description of him.

"And how long-" the prosecuting barrister began to ask, but was interrupted.

"No, no, don't-don't do that," Sherlock cut in. "That's really not a good question."

"Mr. Holmes!" the judge said, going from annoyed to angry.

"How long have I known him? Not really your best line of inquiry," Sherlock continued. "We met twice, five minutes in total. I pulled a gun, he tried to blow me up; I felt we had a special 'something'."

Sherlock said the last bit sarcastically. Jim raised his eyebrows in response.

"Miss Sorrel, are you seriously claiming this man is an expert, after knowing the accused for just five minutes?" the judge asked the prosecuting barrister.

"Two minutes would have made me an expert," Sherlock commented.

"Five was ample."

"Mr. Holmes, that's a matter for the jury," the judge replied.

"Oh, really?" Sherlock asked. He then looked at the jury box. John raised his hand to his forehead, sighing.

"Oh, shit, no..." he thought to himself. He knew what was coming up.

"One librarian, two teachers, two high-pressured jobs, probably the City," Sherlock said as he rapidly deduced everyone in the jury box.

"The foreman's a medical secretary, trained abroad judging by her shorthand."

"Mr. Holmes!" the judge said once again.

"Seven are married and two are having an affair- With each other, it would seem!" Sherlock continued. "Oh, and they've just had tea and biscuits."

The detective looked at the judge.

"Would you like to know who ate the wafer?" he asked.

"Mr. Holmes. You've been called here to answer Miss Sorrel's questions, not to give us a display of your intellectual prowess," the judge said angrily. Sherlock smiled slightly and glanced at John, who stared back sternly.

"Keep your answers brief and to the point," the judge said. "Anything else will be treated as contempt."

Sherlock rolled his eyes, and Jim smiled as if he were agreeing with him.

"Do you think you could survive for just a few minutes without showing off?" the judge asked angrily. Sherlock gave the question a moment of thought, then replied.

Shortly afterwards, Sherlock was led to a cell by a prison officer, who

shoved him inside and closed the door, locking it. A moment later, Jim was led to a cell next to the detective's. They seemed to sense one another, and slowly faced each other through the wall.

John stood beside Sherlock as he signed for his personal property. The detective had just been released.

"What did I say? I said 'Don't get clever,'" John said, crossing his arms.

"I can't just turn it on and off like a tap..." Sherlock responded. The custody officer handed him a bag of his belongings, and the two men began to walk away.

"Well?" Sherlock asked.

"Well what?" John responded.

"You were there for the whole thing, up in the gallery, start to finish," the detective replied.

"Like you said it would be," John answered. "He sat on his backside, never even stirred."

John said the last sentence in reference to Moriarty's defending barrister.

"Moriarty's not mounting any defense," Sherlock said. The two men soon exited the building and got in a cab, heading back to their flat.

"Hope Eleven's alright..." John said as they walked up the stairs.

"I'm sure she is," Sherlock said. "Didn't you say she took down three men?"

"Well, yeah, but... Still," John answered. He unlocked the door and opened it, stepping into the flat.

"Eleven! We're home!" he called. A brief moment later, the girl rushed out of the kitchen, a smile on her face.

"We've got a surprise for you, boys!" Mrs. Hudson called from the kitchen doorway. "We planned on giving it to you sooner, but you were just so busy... SO we remade it while you were gone."

Sherlock and John could smell an apple pie. They both couldn't help but smile a bit.

"Come on," Eleven said, grabbing their hands and leading them into the kitchen. Despite the worry John felt, he couldn't help but feel happy seeing how excited Eleven seemed, since she rarely ever seemed to feel anything of the sort. Sherlock, however, didn't seem to notice. He had a thoughtful, serious look on his face as they walked, but he hid it when they arrived at the kitchen table and sat down. Eleven noticed this.

"How did it go?" she asked, her expression switching to a concerned one.

"As well as it could go, I suppose," John said as Mrs. Hudson placed a plate in front of him.

"Did he... Hurt you?" Eleven asked.

"No," Sherlock answered. "He couldn't have, too many people around. Besides, he doesn't do the hurting himself, he hires other people to do it."

"Who?" Eleven asked, tilting her head.

"Who does he hire, you mean? Oh, assassins," Sherlock said. Mrs. Hudson put a plate in front of him as well.

"Now, Sherlock, don't talk about such things to a child," she said in a kind yet firm tone.

"Why not? She's going to learn eventually," Sherlock answered. "If Moriarty is going to be playing one of his games, and Eleven is going to be here, then she's going to see and hear 'such things'."

The girl's eyes widened slightly, but other than that she didn't show any other sign of fear. Her mouth remained closed, and she didn't gasp. Suddenly, she heard something on the TV. The news was on, and there was a woman speaking about another person going missing.

"This is the fifth missing person's case in the past few weeks, and, like the previous four, Thomas Madison vanished into thin air, with the same reports of strange growling noises heard shortly before the disappearance," the woman said. Eleven closed her eyes as she listened to the report...

She was surrounded by darkness. The only thing she could feel was the shallow water she was standing in. Eleven hadn't wanted to do this again. Hadn't wanted to return to this dreadful place. But Papa had made her. Told her they were going to "make history." Told her not to be afraid of... It. Eleven slowly turned towards the chewing sound she heard close by. There it was... The monster. She couldn't tell what it was eating, but she could smell blood. The girl nervously approached the creature... It didn't notice her, continuing to devour whatever unfortunate animal it had caught. She paused when she was about a foot away, slowly and hesitantly reaching out to touch its back. As her hand nearly touched it, she drew back, trembling slightly in fear. She closed her eyes for a moment, taking a few deep breaths, before opening her eyes and reaching out again. This time... She touched the monster. It quickly turned around,

letting out an ear-piercing shriek.
Eleven screamed.

"Oh, dear... You don't suppose Moriarty has anything to do with these people going missing?" Mrs. Hudson asked.

"I doubt it," Sherlock answered. "I know none of them, and the 'game' he's planning is to try and get to me, so most likely, no."

"Monster..." Eleven suddenly said, in a soft, serious tone. The three others looked at her.

"What?" John asked, raising a brow and tilting his head slightly.

"The monster..." she said, looking at him and staring into his eyes. Her eyes were serious and sincere, and John saw this. Sherlock looked at her also, and then the men exchanged glances.

What monster?

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 8

No matter how hard they tried, Sherlock and John couldn't get Eleven to explain what she meant by "monster." She was clearly frightened, possibly reliving some sort of trauma in her mind related to this "monster" she spoke of. Sherlock figured it was one of the people who had experimented on her that she was referencing, but John wasn't so sure. But it had to be a person. That was the logical explanation. Or perhaps she'd been exposed to the drug that had caused Sherlock and John to see the hound at Baskerville and started seeing a monster? Whatever the case was, they weren't getting any definite answers. Or any answers at all, for that matter. Eleven refused to speak, only staring at them in response to questions, a sad and frightened look in her eyes. Despite how curious they were about the matter, Sherlock and John had to put it out of their minds for the time being. The Moriarty trial was the main thing they needed to worry about, though John had the most trouble focusing on it. He was worried about Eleven. But he forced himself to focus on the trial. Sherlock, on the other hand, had no trouble focusing on the case. It had completely consumed his mind. It was all he could think about.

"Bank of England, Tower of London, Pentonville. Three of the most secure places in the country and six weeks ago Moriarty breaks in, no one knows how or why," John said to his friend as they sat in the living room. The two men had decided to discuss the case in more detail now that Eleven had gone to take a bath and get ready for bed.

"All we know is..." the doctor continued.

"... He ended up in custody," Sherlock finished. He gave his friend a look. A look that John found extremely irritating.

"Don't do that," John said.

"Do what?"

"The look."

"Look?"

"You're doing the look again."

"Well, I can't see it, can I?"

John rolled his eyes and pointed to the mirror above the fireplace. Sherlock turned and looked at his reflection, but he still didn't understand what John was talking about.

"It's my face," the detective said.

"Yes, and it's doing a thing," John replied. "You're doing a 'we both know what's really going on here' face."

"Well, we DO."

"No, *I* don't, which is why I find 'the face' so irritating."

"If Moriarty wanted the Jewels, he'd have them. If he wanted those prisoners free, they'd be out on the streets. The only reason he's still in a prison cell right now is because he **CHOSE** to be there."

Sherlock began to pace after he said this.

"Somehow this is part of his scheme..." he said. Just then, the bathroom door creaked open, and Eleven stepped out, wearing the nightshirt that John had given her to wear, since he'd forgotten to get her pajamas of her own.

"Heading to bed now?" John asked her. Eleven nodded. She had taken off the blond wig, and was holding it as she stood at the doorway to the living room.

"How are you feeling?" John asked.

"Okay," the girl responded, though she still sounded a bit upset.

"Well, if you need anything, just call us, okay?" the man asked. Eleven simply nodded in response before heading to John's bedroom. John didn't really care for sleeping on the couch, but he wanted Eleven to be comfortable. Plus it would be safer for her. If someone happened to come in, (someone looking for her,) they wouldn't see her immediately and she would have time to hide. It wasn't much, but it was the best they had at that moment as far as keeping Eleven hidden from Dr. Brenner.

"I wonder what she meant by 'monster'..." John said.

"We discussed this, John. She was either hallucinating or she's thinking of one of the people at the lab," Sherlock said. "We can't worry about this now. We've got to figure out what Moriarty is planning..."

The next day, John sat in the public gallery in the courtroom. Sherlock hadn't joined him due to his previous experience there.

"Mr. Crayhill, can we have your first witness?" the judge asked. The defending barrister stood up.

"Your Honor, we're not calling any witnesses," he said. Cries of surprise were heard around the court. John raised a brow in confusion. What the hell was Moriarty doing?

"I don't follow," the judge said. "You've entered a plea of Not Guilty."

"Nevertheless, my client is offering no evidence," Mr. Crayhill said.
"The defense rests."

The defending barrister sat back down, and Jim turned to look at the people watching, shrugging.

Another day passed. Sherlock was sitting on the couch, wearing his pajamas and blue bathrobe. Eleven was sitting on John's armchair, watching a random cartoon that Sherlock had put on the TV for her. He was murmuring to himself... Saying the only words the judge could possibly be saying.

Meanwhile, in the court, John sat in the public gallery again.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," the judge said. "James Moriarty stands accused of several counts of attempted burglary, crimes which-if he's found guilty-will elicit a very custodial sentence; yet his legal team has chosen to offer no evidence whatsoever to support their plea. I find myself in the unusual position of recommending a verdict wholeheartedly. You must find him guilty. You **MUST** find him guilty."

The court adjourned. John sat on a bench just outside the courtroom. Though he was still curious about the trial, what Eleven had said two days ago was stuck in the back of his mind.

"The monster..."

Just then, the Clerk of the Court rushed out of a side room, snapping John out of his thoughts.

"They're coming back," the Clerk said. John raised a brow, looking at his watch.

"That's six minutes..." he said.

"Surprised it took them that long, to be honest," the Clerk responded.

"There's a queue for the loo."

He hurried into the court. John stood up and braced himself. Something was wrong here... Even though the jury **HAD** to find him guilty, John felt uneasy... He followed the Clerk back into the courtroom and sat with the others in the public gallery.

"Have you reached a verdict on which you can all agree?" the Clerk asked. One of the jury members looked down, shaking his head slightly. The foreman stood up and stared at the Clerk.

Sherlock's eyes snapped open as he heard his phone ringing. Eleven's focus left the TV as she looked over at Sherlock, who was answering his phone.

"Hello?" he asked.

"Not guilty," John said, clearly confused and upset. "They found him not guilty. No defense, and Moriarty's walked free."

Sherlock lowered his phone, staring at the ceiling. He switched off the phone.

"Eleven, go into John's bedroom. Don't leave until I come to get you," he said, looking her in the eye. The girl nodded, a nervous look on her face.

"I-is the bad man coming?" she asked. Sherlock nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Now go back into John's room, you'll be okay."

"What about you...?" Eleven asked.

"... Yes, yes, I'll be okay," Sherlock said. "Now go!"

Eleven nodded, but seemed a bit hesitant. She rushed to John's bedroom. Sherlock stood up and walked to the kitchen. He put the kettle on and put a small tray on the counter, putting a jug of milk, a sugar bowl, a teapot and two cups and saucers onto it. After the kettle came to a boil, Sherlock made tea and took the tray to the small table between the two armchairs. He began playing Bach's Sonata on his violin, trying to relax himself. He knew that Moriarty would be arriving soon.

Eleven paced around John's room as Sherlock prepared tea. Things were awfully quiet... Where was Moriarty? Was he going to come? Or was Sherlock wrong? The girl hoped that the last one was the case. Suddenly, music broke the silence. Eleven stopped pacing and listened. It was... Beautiful. Moriarty must not be there... Otherwise Sherlock wouldn't be playing his violin, right? Eleven sat by the door, pressing her ear against it and listening to the music. But it still sounded muffled. She opened her eyes, looking up at the doorknob... Surely Moriarty wouldn't be there this soon. It wouldn't hurt to step out and listen... Eleven stood up, slowly and quietly opening the door. As she did, the music stopped. She froze. Did Sherlock hear her? She chewed on her lip nervously, but Sherlock began playing again a few seconds later, so she relaxed and stepped out more. She stood at the top of the stairs, listening to the music and closing her eyes. It made her feel calm. A small smile appeared on her face.

But the smile vanished when she heard the front door creak open.

Her eyes quickly opened. She saw... Moriarty standing at the front door. Sherlock stopped playing... Eleven couldn't see him from where he was standing. Was he scared?

"Most people knock," she heard him say. "But then you're not most people, I suppose. Kettle's just boiled."

Jim walked further inside, closing the door. He grabbed an apple out of the bowl on the coffee table.

"Johann Sebastian would be appalled," he said. He tossed the apple in the air and caught it, looking around...

Then his eyes landed on Eleven, who was still at the top of the stairs from fear of being heard if she ran back to the bedroom.

"How rude, Sherlock, you only have two cups set out," he said, looking back at the detective. After he said that, Sherlock appeared in Eleven's line of sight, looking up at her. She stared at the two of them with wide eyes, scared that Jim had spotted her but also worried that Sherlock would be angry at her for disobeying.

"El...Eleanor, go back into John's room," Sherlock said sternly.

"Oh, but why? She should join us," Jim said, looking at the detective before turning back to Eleven. She shook her head.

"Come now, I insist..." the criminal said. His tone was friendly yet dark. Eleven gulped, fear in her eyes. She looked at Sherlock, who stared at her for a moment before sighing and nodding once.

"Come on, Eleanor," he said. Eleven hesitated before slowly walking down the stairs. Sherlock headed into the kitchen to get another cup. When Eleven got to the bottom of the stairs, Jim walked over to her, his dark eyes staring into hers.

"So... We finally meet," he said with a smile that didn't reach his eyes, which were empty of emotion. He then made an overly-dramatic suspicious expression.

"You didn't tell on me for sneaking into the flat, did you?" he asked.

"Nobody likes a tattle-tail..."

She narrowed her eyes slightly, but remained silent. Sherlock heard this exchange and saw Jim standing close to Eleven as he walked out of the kitchen. He grabbed Eleven's hand, leading her over to the couch. She sat down, looking at the floor nervously. Jim looked around the room, looking for a place to sit.

"May I?" he asked.

"Please," Sherlock said, gesturing to John's armchair with the violin bow. Jim walked to the chairs, sitting down on Sherlock's chair instead, which seemed to irk the detective a bit. The criminal took a small knife out of his pocket, beginning to cut into the apple he had been holding.

"You know when he was on his death bed, Bach, he heard his son at

the piano playing one of his pieces," Jim said. "The boy stopped before he got to the end..."

"...and the dying man jumped out of bed, ran straight to the piano and finished it," Sherlock finished the sentence, pouring some tea into Eleven's cup and adding milk and sugar to it.

"Couldn't cope with an unfinished melody," Jim said as Sherlock walked to the couch, handing Eleven the cup of tea and saucer and then walking back over to Jim.

"Neither can you," the detective said, pouring tea into the two cups.

"That's why you've come."

"But be honest," Jim said. "You're just a tiny bit pleased."

Sherlock added milk into one of the cups, handing it to Moriarty.

"What, with the verdict?" Sherlock asked.

"With ME... Back on the streets," Jim said, gazing into Sherlock's eyes and smiling. "Every fairytale needs a good, old-fashioned villain."

He grinned. Eleven watched them from where she sat, slowly taking a sip of her tea. Sherlock glanced at her, seeming concerned for her, before adding milk to his own tea and sitting down.

"You need me, or you're nothing," Jim said. "Because we're just alike, you and I. Except you're boring... You're on the side of the angels."

He glanced at Eleven immediately after saying this, sipping his tea.

"Got to the jury, of course," Sherlock said. Jim smirked. Eleven looked up from her tea, looking at the two men. She wondered what a "jury" was. She wanted to ask but was too afraid at the moment to speak.

"I got into the Tower of London," he said. "You think I can't worm my way into twelve hotel rooms?"

"Cable network," Sherlock said. The criminal smiled at him.

"Every hotel bedroom has a personalized TV screen..." he said. "And every person has their pressure point... Someone that they want to protect from harm. Easy peasy."

Jim sipped his tea casually. Sherlock lifted his teacup to his lips.

"So how are you going to do it..." he began, blowing on his tea to cool it off. "BURN me?"

Eleven tensed. Burn him? Was Moriarty going to burn Sherlock alive?

"Oh, that's the problem... The final problem," Jim said in a soft voice.

"Have you worked out what it is yet? What's the final problem?"

Moriarty smiled.

"I did tell you..." he said, then finished in a sing-song tone. "But did you listen?"

Jim put his cup down, placing his hand on his knee and drumming his fingers. Sherlock's eyes focused on this.

"How hard do you find it, having to say 'I don't know'?" Jim asked. Sherlock put his cup onto his saucer and shrugged.

"I dunno," he said nonchalantly. Eleven couldn't help but smirk.

"Oh, that's clever, that's very clever, AWFULLY clever," Jim said sarcastically, chuckling in an upper-class tone. Sherlock smiled blankly.

"Speaking of clever... Have you told your little friends yet?" Moriarty asked, glancing at Eleven briefly and then looking back at the detective.

"Told them what?" Sherlock asked.

"Why I broke into all those places and never took anything."

"No."

"But YOU understand."

"Obviously."

"Off you go, then," Jim said, taking the piece of apple he had carved off with his knife and putting it in his mouth.

"You want me to tell you what you already know?" Sherlock asked.

"No, I want you to PROVE that you know it."

"You didn't take anything because you don't NEED to."

"Good..."

"You'll never need to take anything ever again."

"Because...?"

"Because nothing... NOTHING in the Bank of England, the Tower of London, or Pentonville Prison could possibly match the value of the key that could get you into all three."

Eleven watched this conversation, her fear settling down a bit as she listened curiously. Though she didn't fully understand what they were talking about, she was interested.

"I can open any door anywhere with a few tiny lines of computer code," Jim said. "No such thing as a private bank account now-they're all mine. No such thing as secrecy-I OWN secrecy. Nuclear codes-I could blow up NATO in alphabetical order. In a world with locked rooms, the man with the key is king. And honey, you should SEE me in a crown."

He smiled at Sherlock, who narrowed his eyes slightly.

"You were advertising all the way through the trial," he said. "You were showing the world what you can do."

"And you were helping," Jim replied. "Big client list: rogue

governments, intelligence communities... Terrorist cells. They all want me. Suddenly, I'm Mr. Sex."

He carved off another piece of apple and put it into his mouth.

"If you could break in any bank, what do you care about the highest bidder?" Sherlock asked.

"I don't," Jim answered. "I just like to watch them all competing. 'Daddy loves ME the best!' Aren't ordinary people ADORABLE?"

Sherlock didn't respond, looking at Jim with his usual serious expression.

"Well, you know; you've got John... I should get myself a live-in one," Jim said. "Though it seems you've got two of them now, don't you?"

The criminal looked at Eleven, who was sipping her tea, staring back at him, a serious look in her eyes. But there was a hint of fear there as well.

"But... Something seems a little strange to me about this one..." Jim said, putting his apple and knife down and walking over to Eleven. Sherlock grew tense, glaring at the man.

"You aren't ordinary at all, are you?" he asked the girl, looking down at her. "Something's different about you..."

"Why ARE you doing all this?" Sherlock quickly spoke up to get Jim's attention off of Eleven. "What IS it all for?"

Moriarty turned back to him and took a few steps towards him.

"I want to solve the problem..." he said softly. "OUR problem. The final problem. It's gonna start very soon, Sherlock... The fall. But don't be scared..."

He got a more sinister look on his face.

"Falling is just like flying, except there's a more permanent destination..." he continued. Sherlock glared at him before standing and buttoning his jacket.

"Never liked riddles," Sherlock said. Jim stood up as well, straightening his jacket.

"Learn to," he said, locking his gaze on Sherlock's eyes. "Because I owe you a fall, Sherlock... I. OWE. You."

Jim then looked at Eleven.

"As for you... I wasn't expecting a new arrival," he said. "But I'm sure I can make some room for you, too... Wouldn't want you to miss out on the fun, now, would we?"

He said the last part in a creepily cheery voice, smiling at Eleven, who glared back. With that, Jim slowly walked out of the flat...

9. Chapter 9

Chapter 9

As soon as Jim left, Sherlock knelt down to Eleven, looking her in the eye. His eyes narrowed.

"Eleven, I told you to stay in John's room..." he said in a stern voice. "Why didn't you listen? Do you understand how dangerous that man is?"

Sherlock gestured to the front door as he said this. His hand trembled slightly.

"You could have been hurt," he continued. "He could have found out about you and then what? He could have hurt you. Or kidnapped you. He already suspects you, he'll probably know where you come from soon..."

The detective's tone slowly became more and more harsh.

"Why. Didn't. You. Listen?" he asked. "He's planning something... Something extremely dangerous and now you're mixed up in it. So do enlighten me, why did you insist on ignoring a simple request?"

He glared at her. But his expression slowly softened as he saw tears slowly form in Eleven's eyes.

"I... I'm sorry..." she said, her voice sounding choked up as she began crying. "I... I just wanted..."

She closed her eyes, crying softly. Sherlock looked down... Perhaps he had been too harsh. He hadn't thought about how scared she must have been at that moment.

"No..." he said, looking at her. "I... I'M sorry."

He wasn't entirely sure what to do. Eleven was looking at him again, but she still had tears in her eyes. He hesitated before hugging her, blinking in surprise when she tightly returned the embrace.

"I wanted to hear the music..." she said, her voice muffled slightly as she had buried her face in his shoulder. "I'm sorry..."

"It's okay, it's okay..." he assured her. "You don't have to apologize... I-I shouldn't have talked to you like that. I'm sorry."

Eleven pulled away slightly to look up at the detective. She sniffled, her eyes slightly red. Sherlock looked back down at her before standing back up.

"We just need to be more careful," he said. Eleven nodded quickly in response, wiping her eyes with her dress sleeve.

Just then, the front door swung open, causing the girl to jump, as she was still tense from the visit they'd had a few minutes ago. But thankfully, it was just John.

"Is he here? Did he come here?" the man asked, rushing inside and shutting the door, locking it.

"He left about five minutes ago," Sherlock said, glancing at his watch. John then looked at Eleven. His eyes locked on hers and he saw that they were red from crying.

"Christ..." he muttered, running over to her and then speaking to her clearly. "Are you alright? Did he see you? Did he hurt you?"

"He saw her, but he didn't hurt her," Sherlock said. John swore under his breath.

"God... You don't think...?"

"He'll find out who she is? He probably will," Sherlock finished his friend's question and answered it. "He said he was going to try and fit her into this 'game' of his."

"No... She's NOT participating in this, Sherlock," John said, glaring at his friend. "I don't care what Moriarty tries to do. Eleven is staying OUT OF this."

"John, you know how Moriarty is... If he wants something he's going to get it. He wants Eleven to be a part of this, so she's going to be, and there's nothing we can do about it."

John didn't respond to this. He simply stared at the floor with an angry expression. The three of them were silent. There was nothing to say.

Days passed. Moriarty was all that the news seemed to talk about. But eventually, after the consulting criminal seemingly vanished, the talk of it died down a bit, and was replaced with two more missing person cases. The same as the previous ones as far as the strange, animal-like sounds being heard before the vanishing. Despite the oddness of those cases, Sherlock was too obsessed with figuring out Moriarty's next move to notice them. But Eleven did. Every time she heard the cases mentioned on the TV, she would get that fearful look in her eyes and stare off into space. And John still couldn't get an answer out of her. One day, Eleven was in the living room with John, watching as Sherlock paced frantically around the room. She was snapped out of this, though, when she heard what was being said on the news.

"There has been yet another mysterious vanishing in-"

That was when she tuned out. But John saw her expression change just as it happened. He rushed over to her.

"Eleven... I need you to tell me what you know about those cases," he said. "You can tell me... I promise I'll listen..."

He knelt to her height, putting his hands on her shoulders and looking her in the eye. She stared back silently for a moment before finally speaking.

"The monster..." she said. "P-Papa... Made me... Go to it and... I opened the gate."

Tears filled her eyes. John felt confused. What was she talking about? Her father? And what was this gate she was referring to?

"I need you to be more clear with me..." John said gently. "What gate?"

"The..." her voice trailed off for a moment before she continued. "The Upside-Down..."

"What... What does that mean?" the doctor asked, glancing around in confusion.

"The monster... It was in the Upside-Down... A-and... And I opened the gate and let it out..." tears fell from her eyes as she told him this.

"What's the Upside-Down?" John asked. But Eleven didn't say anything else. She just threw her arms around John and cried. The man didn't try and make her answer any more questions. He just hugged her and comforted her as much as he could. But he couldn't stop pondering what Eleven had said...

What was the Upside-Down?

Two months had now passed since Moriarty's visit to 221B. So far, there had been no signs of the criminal, and no more disappearances related to "the monster." And no more information from Eleven regarding the Upside-Down. John had tried to get her to explain further, but whenever he brought it up, she would get a troubled expression on her face and go quiet, not speaking despite John's best efforts. When the doctor consulted his best friend about it, Sherlock was too busy thinking about the consulting criminal's next move to give Eleven's words too much thought.

"She was probably drugged while at the lab," or some other similar response would always be what Sherlock would answer with. "Now do stop asking me about it, can't you see I'm busy?"

John had decided to just give up on it. There was someone he knew would be able to get information, but he was too paranoid to say

anything to that said someone. The project had people in the government involved in it. What if one of those people found out through the elder Holmes brother? Or worse, what if he was involved himself? John doubted the latter, but the possibility was still there, and it hovered over him, keeping him from saying a word to Mycroft. However, he had a sinking feeling that he was going to have to speak to Mycroft soon. The man had been oddly quiet during the events with Moriarty. He HAD to say something soon, right?

One day, John stood at a cashpoint machine. He inserted his bank card into it, typed in his PIN, and selected a transaction. A brief moment later, the words: "There is a problem with your card. Please wait." appeared on the screen, followed by: "Thank you for your patience."

John sighed in annoyance. But then his eyes widened slightly in surprise when this word appeared on the screen:

"John."

At that moment, a black car pulled up to the curb behind him and stopped. John turned to look at it, then glanced back at the screen. He sighed again. Of course. He had had a feeling this would happen soon. He got into the car and was driven to a large white building. A large brass plaque outside of it read: "THE DIOGENES CLUB."

Mycroft stood inside a small, private room, waiting for John to arrive. He stared out the window silently, deep in thought about what he needed to discuss with John. Not only did he need to speak to him about James Moriarty, but also the girl he had seen him take to the flat. About what he knew about her, and MK Ultra. He sighed softly to himself. Just then, he was snapped out of his thoughts by the door opening. He looked and saw John being practically carried in by two men, one with a hand covering John's mouth. The elder Holmes figured Dr. Watson had spoken, which was a mistake in this place. The door was closed quickly behind John, and Mycroft poured himself a drink a few seconds after.

"Tradition, John," he said. "Our traditions define us."

"So total silence is traditional, is it?" John asked, clearly a bit irked by what had just happened. "You can't even say 'Pass the sugar'."

"Three quarters of the diplomatic service and half the government front bench all sharing one tea trolley. It's for the best, believe me," Mycroft said with a smile that slowly became a frown. "They don't want a repeat of 1972. But we can talk in here."

John figured he had a point. Still, the way they reacted over HIM speaking was a bit over-dramatic to say the least. Looking panicked when he spoke and having two men drag him away with his mouth covered? That was too much.

Something lying on a small table caught John's eye, and he walked over to it. It was a newspaper, "The Sun." That was odd. Since when did Mycroft read that? John grabbed it and held it up.

"You read this stuff?" he asked.

"Caught my eye," Mycroft responded.

"Mhm," John said, sitting down in one of the armchairs.

"Saturday," the other man said. "They're doing a big exposé."

John looked at the front page of the paper. His eyes narrowed as he read the headline. "SHERLOCK: THE SHOCKING TRUTH."

Beneath it were the words: "Close Friend Richard Brook Tells All."

John read over a bit of the article. The writer, Kitty Riley, was accusing Sherlock of being a fraud, claiming that someone named Richard Brook said that he was hired to help convince the public that Sherlock was a genius.

"I'd love to know where she got her information," John said, a bit irritated.

"Someone called 'Brook'," Mycroft replied. "Recognize the name?"

John put the paper down, shaking his head in response.

"School friend, maybe?" he asked. Mycroft laughed.

"Of Sherlock's?" he asked, then chuckled again. "But that's not why I asked you here."

John watched as Mycroft grabbed several folders off of a side table and then walked back over to him, handing one of the folders to him. John opened it and looked at the photograph at the top of the first page. It was of a man unfamiliar to John.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Don't know him?"

"No."

"Never seen his face before?"

John looked closely at the photo. As he thought about it further, the man began to seem a little bit familiar.

"Umm..." he said.

"He's taken a flat in Baker Street, two doors down from you," Mycroft said. So THAT'S where John had seen him...

"Hmm! I was THINKING of doing a drinks thing for the neighbors," John said sarcastically, smiling at Mycroft, who frowned back.

"Not sure you'll want to," Mycroft said, nodding at the folder. "Sulejmani. Albanian hit squad. Expertly-trained killer living less than twenty feet from your front door."

"It's a great location. Jubilee line's handy."

"John..."

"What's it got to do with me?"

Mycroft felt a little frustrated that he wasn't getting it, but hid it, handing John another folder.

"Dyachenko, Ludmila," he said, walking to the other armchair and sitting down. John let out a tired groan as he took the file, but when he opened it, he frowned, a serious look on his face.

"Um, actually, I think I HAVE seen her," he said, feeling a little nervous.

"Russian killer," Mycroft said. "She's taken the flat opposite."

"Okay... I'm sensing a pattern here," John said, his nervousness now apparent in his tone. Mycroft handed him the rest of the files.

"In fact, FOUR top international assassins relocate to within spitting distance of two hundred and twenty-one B," he said. "Anything you care to share with me?"

John looked at the rest of the photographs before chuckling.

"I'm moving?" he joked. Mycroft narrowed his eyes at the man, clearly not amused by his joke.

"It's not hard to guess the common denominator, is it?"

"You think this is Moriarty?"

"He promised Sherlock he'd come back."

"If this was Moriarty, we'd be dead already."

"If not Moriarty, then who?"

"Why don't you talk to Sherlock if you're so concerned about him?" John asked. Mycroft didn't respond, looking away and fiddling with his glass, which was on the table beside him. The doctor realized what this silent response meant, and he sighed, rolling his eyes.

"Oh, God, don't tell me..." he said.

"Too much history between us," Mycroft spoke. "Old scores... Resentments."

"Nicked all his Smurfs?" John asked sarcastically. "Broke his Action Man?"

Mycroft silently glared at him in response. The other man couldn't help but laugh, putting the files onto the table beside him as he managed to pull himself together.

"Finished," he said, getting up. He hoped it wasn't obvious how eager

he was to leave. Despite his curiosities about whether or not Mycroft knew anything about this MK Ultra project, he didn't want to ask. And he hoped with all his heart that Mycroft didn't know about Eleven being at 221B. After all, the man had cameras up all around Baker Street. It was likely he knew. But John was still clinging onto the possibility that Mycroft had somehow missed the events of the night he found Eleven.

"Oh, and John?" the elder Holmes brother spoke as John was about to leave the room. He paused, looking back at him.

"I know who you have at your flat..." he said. "I get the feeling you've been wondering about it, so there's your answer. No, I'm not involved with the project. I do not fully understand what it is, personally. They haven't told me. Despite what Sherlock says, I do not control the British government, therefore there are some things that certain members keep me from knowing."

John slowly turned to face Mycroft.

"Can you find out what it is?" he asked after a brief moment of silence. "The girl... Keeps mentioning a monster. And something called the 'Upside-Down'."

"I will do what I can, John, but only on one condition," Mycroft said. John raised a brow.

"We both know what's coming, John," Mycroft continued. "Moriarty is obsessed. He's sworn to destroy his only rival."

"So you want me to watch out for your brother because he won't accept your help," John said tightly.

"If it's not too much trouble," Mycroft said with a smile that quickly became a threatening glare. John stared back at him.

"As far as the girl goes..." the man said, his expression going back to normal. "I will learn what I can. All I advise for now is that you be careful. Especially since she's arrived at a rather dangerous time."

John nodded. He felt a little less nervous now. At least maybe Mycroft could find out something more about this project. But still, he wasn't sure about anything yet, which wasn't very comforting. Not to mention the constant tension from waiting for Moriarty's next move, especially now that Eleven was involved.

John left The Diogenes Club and was driven back to Baker Street.

10. Chapter 10

A/N: Hey guys! Sorry this update has taken so long. I had a bad case of writer's block for a long time, and then school came along and I had no time to update. But I have returned! Thank you guys so much for all the positive reviews and stuff. :) Hope you enjoy the rest of the story! ~Lela

Chapter 10

John soon arrived back on Baker Street. He was more stressed out than he had been in quite a while, even with all the other dangers he had faced with Sherlock. It was bad enough when Jim Moriarty was only messing with him and Sherlock, but now that Eleven was caught up in the battle, he felt even more anxious. He knew full well that she could protect herself with her special ability, even if he hadn't seen her use it in a while; but still, the girl got weak after using her psychokinesis. What if she used it at the wrong time and ended up passing out and getting herself hurt?

The doctor wondered these things as he made his way across the street over to 221B, occasionally glancing at anyone he happened to pass by to see if he could spot any of the assassins that were stationed around the flat. Thankfully he didn't spot anyone that looked like any of the people in the photos Mycroft had shown him. Of course, he knew they hadn't gone away, but still, he figured that they weren't planning on doing anything anytime soon. As he arrived at the door, (which was wide open, much to his surprise and concern,) he heard a female voice behind him speak up, and it distracted him from the unexpectedly open front door.

"Excuse me, Dr. Watson?"

John turned around to see a middle aged woman with dark brown hair and brown eyes. The woman seemed anxious, and John figured she was a client.

"Yes?" he asked politely.

"Is Sherlock Holmes here?" she asked. "I-I don't have anyone else to turn to... I-it's my son, he's... He's missing. They say he's dead, but he can't be. I know he can't be. The body they showed me, it-"

John had a sad feeling that she was just in denial over the loss of her son. It only made sense; yet, despite this, he couldn't bring himself to

deny her of any help. She seemed desperate and sad, and John knew he wouldn't be able to sleep at night if he turned her away.

"Here, come inside," he offered, stepping aside to allow the lady inside. "I'm sure Sherlock will be happy to help in any way that he can."

Of course, he knew that wasn't definite, but he had been able to persuade Sherlock to listen to clients before, so he could do it again.

"Oh, thank you so much," the woman said, a thankful look on her face. She walked into the flat and, just before John followed her, he spotted an envelope on the ground by his feet. He got a sinking feeling as he picked it up and saw that it wasn't marked by anything except an old-fashioned wax seal on the back of it. He put it in his coat pocket, deciding to open it later, after the client had left.

When John entered the flat, he saw, to his surprise, Greg Lestrade and Sally Donovan standing in the flat. Eleven was sitting on the couch, her eyes fixed on the client, who was speaking to Sherlock Holmes.

"M-Mr. Holmes, right?" she asked the detective, who seemed a bit annoyed that whatever his business was with Lestrade and Donovan was being interrupted.

"Yes," he responded in his usual flat, serious tone.

"M-my name is Joyce Byers," the woman continued. "I... I know this may be a bad time but I have no one else to go to. M-my son, he... He's gone. Missing, that is. He was-"

"I'm afraid I don't have the time for-" Sherlock began.

"Sherlock," John said firmly, giving him a look. Sherlock glanced back at him, sighing, before looking back at Ms. Byers.

"Continue," he said.

"M-my son, Will. He disappeared. He had just gotten home and... Someone attacked him and took him away. H-he tried to fight back; w-we saw that he had gotten the shotgun, since it was on the floor in the shed, but he..."

Joyce paused, her voice choking up as tears threatened to fall.

"W-whoever it was took him, and... The police found his body in a lake. B-but it wasn't him! It couldn't have been him, the body didn't-" she was interrupted.

"Ms. Byers, I worked on this case, and-" Lestrade began in a soft tone, feeling sorry for the woman but knowing that she had to know the truth.

"No!" Joyce shouted. "I *know* it wasn't him! You don't think a mother

knows what her own son looks like?!"

Lestrade glanced at Sherlock with an expression that read: 'Don't be hard on her.'

Eleven listened to the conversation carefully, a serious and slightly frightened expression on her face. She had a bad feeling that she knew what took the woman's son; but just as she was about to speak up, Sherlock interrupted.

"Ma'am, I'm afraid that I cannot take your case today," he began, which earned him an angry look from John and a hurt look from Joyce. "I have to go investigate a case with Scotland Yard, as they can't seem to function without me. But I'll... Keep your case in consideration."

"And he'll get back with you as soon as he can," John added quickly in a reassuring tone. Sherlock seemed a bit annoyed with this promise that he hadn't agreed to, but he didn't say anything, noticing the look that Eleven was giving him. One that seemed to be begging him to help the grieving mother.

"B-but you don't understand! I can't wait any longer, what if he gets hurt, o-or worse?!" Joyce asked, panicking.

"I assure you, ma'am, we won't allow him to get hurt," John said. "Sherlock Holmes is the most intelligent man I know. He'll help you."

The doctor said these things to her as he gently ushered her out of the flat, despite her protests.

"The woman's son was found dead in a lake a few days ago," Lestrade explained. "He had been missing a few days prior. She's... Still in denial."

"It's a shame," Donovan added, shaking her head. Eleven stared at the floor silently, wondering if maybe, just maybe, her feeling about this woman's situation was correct. The feeling that told her that it wasn't a question of WHO took her son, but a question of WHAT.

After successfully leading the woman out of the flat after giving her Sherlock's phone number, John walked back into the room.

"So... What's going on?" he asked.

"Kidnapping," Sherlock responded, looking over at his friend as he entered before walking over to the dining table and sitting down, opening his laptop and beginning to type on it. Wanting to be in on the conversation, Eleven stood up, walking over to stand beside John.

"Rufus Bruhl," Lestrade spoke. "The ambassador to the U.S."

"He's in Washington, isn't he?" John asked. Eleven tugged on his sleeve.

"What's 'ambassador'?" the girl asked in a whisper.

"I'll explain later," he said, giving her a small nod to reassure her, and she nodded back, looking back at Lestrade and Donovan.

"Not him, his children," Greg continued. "Max and Claudette, age 7 and 9."

Sally took out a photo of each child and handed them to John. Eleven looked at the photographs as well. She had never really gotten a close look at other children, much less children younger than herself.

"They're at St. Aldate's," Greg explained.

"Posh boarding place down in Surrey," Donovan added. Lestrade turned to Sherlock, who was still typing on his laptop. Eleven watched him, wondering what he was doing.

"The school broke up; all the boarders went home," Greg said. "Just a few kids remained, including those two."

"The kids have vanished," Sally stated. Eleven and John exchanged glances; both of them wondered if this disappearance was connected to the vanishing and possible death of Will Byers. Of course, while John figured the boy was dead, Eleven wasn't so convinced that that was the case.

"The ambassador's asked for you personally," Greg said.

Sherlock was already standing up, walking to the door and grabbing his coat. Sally gave him a look.

"The Reichenbach Hero," she said in a sarcastic tone, crossing her arms. Eleven could see that the woman was mocking Sherlock, and she glared at her.

"Mouth-breather," she snapped, walking towards the door with Sherlock, not noticing the look of surprise that Sally was giving her. John had to cough to cover up a laugh that had burst out in response to the sudden insult, and he followed the pair out of the flat. Sally looked at Greg, her eyes still wide as she scoffed.

"Who did Sherlock say that kid was?" she asked.

"John's niece, I believe," Greg said, a small smirk on his face as he left the flat as well. Donovan sighed, shaking her head and following them.

As they exited the flat, Sherlock and John both busted out laughing.

"Where did you learn that?" John asked, grinning at Eleven, who smirked back.

"TV," she replied simply.

"Well, I've been meaning to say that to her for a long time now," he laughed, patting her on the back lightly. Eleven smiled up at him,

and the three got into a police car.

"Hey! You're bringing her along?" Lestrade asked as he stepped out.

"Yep," John and Sherlock said at the same time, and the latter shut the door before the inspector could protest. The two men were worried that Moriarty would send his minions after her, and they didn't want her or Mrs. Hudson getting hurt. So they figured it'd be best if she stayed with them. And besides, she was a part of the team now. Especially after calling Sally a mouth-breather.

11. Chapter 11

Chapter 11

Eleven gazed out the window in wonder as they drove out of the city, taking in all the different sights she saw. Everything was so new. So strange. So fascinating. She noticed the occasional curious glances she'd get from Donovan and Lestrade in the front seats.

"So, erm... You're name's Eleanor, right?" Greg asked the girl after a few minutes of rather awkward silence. Eleven stopped staring at a turtle-shaped cloud and looked at the Detective Inspector, nodding in response.

"And you're John's niece?" he questioned further, getting another nod in reply. John shifted uncomfortably. He didn't particularly enjoy lying to anyone, especially a friend, but he knew he had no choice. After all, he couldn't just say that they'd picked her up off the street after she'd used a strange, almost magical ability to save John from robbers. Not only would they say he and Sherlock were crazy, they'd try and find out where Eleven came from, and then that would just lead to more trouble.

There were a few more minutes of silence. Eleven went back to staring out the window, John checked his phone, and Sherlock gazed straight ahead at nothing in particular, deep in thought. There was a blank look on his face, so it wasn't obvious to anybody that he was worried; very, very worried.

Soon enough, the group arrived at St. Aldate's School, parking the car and exiting it. Eleven looked around curiously at all the police officers and detectives around and in the building. She stared at the school, wondering if there was a gate to the Upside-Down here; but, of course, she also considered the other, more likely possibility: That Moriarty had done this. She pondered these things as she walked beside Sherlock and John. She started to follow them under the police tape, but an officer stopped her.

"Sorry, I'm afraid we can't allow a child on the crime scene," the woman spoke, looking towards Sherlock and John.

"But-" Eleven began to protest, not wanting to miss anything and also being anxious about separation from her friends.

"She's with us," Sherlock said firmly. "She won't be any trouble, I assure you."

"We can't break the rules, sir," the officer insisted. The consulting detective sighed in annoyance. Eleven looked towards John worriedly.

"Just, erm... Wait out here, okay?" the army doctor said comfortingly, kneeling down to her height. "Stay in the car. Lock the door."

John paused, taking his cell phone out of his coat pocket.

"Here, you can play around on this while we're gone," he said, handing it to the girl. "You know how to use it, yeah?"

"Yeah," Eleven said, nodding a little.

"Well, there you go," John replied with a friendly smile. "Now, we'll be back before you know it, I promise."

That seemed to reassure her; from what John could tell, "promise" meant a lot to her.

"Okay..." she said, smiling a little. The doctor stood up once more, walking back over to Sherlock, who had an impatient expression. When the detective saw his friend approaching, he began rushing over to a woman who appeared to be in great distress.

"Housemistress. Ms. McKenzie," Lestrade explained to Sherlock in a whisper as they approached the crying woman. "Go easy."

Greg stayed back as Sherlock walked over to the woman.

"Ms. McKenzie, you're in charge of pupil welfare, yet you left this place wide open last night," he said to her, and his voice suddenly rose angrily. "What are you?! A drunk, an idiot, or a criminal?!"

Ms. McKenzie's eyes widened in alarm, and she trembled slightly; she was already in shock, and this wasn't helping. She gasped in fear as Sherlock suddenly pulled the shock blanket off of her shoulders.

"NOW, QUICKLY! TELL ME!" he yelled.

"A-all the doors and windows were properly bolted! N-no one, not even me, went into their room last night. You have to believe me!" the Housemistress said, tears in her eyes as she trembled in fear. Just like that, Sherlock's whole demeanor changed from a furious one to a calm, gentle one.

"I do, I just wanted you to speak quickly," he said with a reassuring smile, gently grabbing her shoulders before rushing off into the school. "Ms. McKenzie will need to breathe into a bag now."

Eleven stared out the car window anxiously at the exchange. She couldn't hear any of it, of course, but Sherlock's changes from calm, to furious, to calm once more confused and slightly worried her. Despite her trust of the man, he still surprised her quite a bit. After

he, John, and Lestrade walked inside the building, the girl turned her attention back to John's cell phone. The device certainly was odd to her. Other than answering Sherlock's phone once, she had never used a phone, but she caught on pretty quickly. She curiously tapped on a symbol that resembled a camera, and in a second, she was gazing at herself on the phone screen. She gasped softly, staring at herself before tapping the circle at the bottom of the screen, taking a photo. She then pressed the icon in the bottom right corner and grinned as she looked at the photo she'd taken. Eleven kept taking self portraits, trying different angles and expressions. But she soon got bored of that. Her eyes wandered once more, and she found herself staring at the edge of the woods, deep in thought. Her thoughts found their way back to Will Byers. She wished she knew more about his disappearance so she could know one way or another whether or not it was the monster that took him. Which, in other words, meant she was wondering whether or not she could save him.

Grimm's fairy tales. A lacrosse stick. Spy books. Sherlock examined each of these items as he looked around the missing children's dorm room, quickly coming up with idea after idea and dismissing each one... Until he saw an almost empty bottle of linseed oil. He picked it up, getting a stern look in his eyes.

"Get Anderson," he ordered, looking up at Lestrade.

Soon, the room was darkened, and Sherlock had an ultraviolet light in his hand that he shone on the walls and floor. When the light arrived on the wall above the boy's bed, the words "HELP US" became visible.

"Linseed oil," Sherlock stated as he stared at the message.

"Not much use," Anderson replied, crossing his arms. "Doesn't lead us to the kidnapper."

"Brilliant, Anderson," the detective replied sarcastically, rolling his eyes; though Phillip Anderson didn't seem to notice that Sherlock wasn't being serious.

"Really?" he asked, a hint of surprise in his voice.

"Yes," Sherlock answered. "Brilliant impression of an idiot."

Anderson narrowed his eyes slightly, but said nothing in reply as Sherlock shined the light onto the floor, revealing several footprints leading towards the door. There was one pair of adult-sized footprints and two pairs of children's footprints on either side. The consulting detective began following the trail, keeping the ultraviolet light on it.

"He made a trail for us..." John said with wide eyes as he followed his flatmate.

"The boy was made to walk ahead of them," Sherlock said, mostly thinking out loud as the light revealed the shape of the child's footprints.

"On tiptoe?" John asked.

"Indicates anxiety," Sherlock explained. "A gun held to his head."

They continued along the corridor, following the glowing footprints.

"The girl was pulled beside him," Sherlock said as he noticed the shape of the girl's footprints. "dragged sideways. He had his left arm cradled about her neck."

Soon, the footprints stopped.

"That's the end of it," Anderson, who had been walking along with them, said. "We don't know where they went from here."

Sherlock paused as he said this and turned to face him.

"Tells us nothing after all," Anderson stated, crossing his arms and giving Sherlock a somewhat miffed look.

"You're right, Anderson... Nothing," the detective responded before taking a deep breath and speaking quickly. "Except his shoe size, his gait, his walking pace."

Sherlock tore down the material that had been placed on the window to darken the room and knelt down. He took out a wallet of tools and a plastic dish, which he placed on the floor while selecting which tool to use.

"Having fun?" John sighed.

"Starting to," Sherlock answered with a smile.

"Maybe don't do the smiling," John said. "Kidnapped children."

Sherlock didn't respond as he began to scrape some of the linseed oil off the floor with a scalpel and place it in the Petri dish. His friend sighed, beginning to get impatient. Usually he didn't mind having to wait, but he felt the need to go check on Eleven. Seeing that those children were dragged off and threatened with a gun by Moriarty or one of his men, most likely, made him even more anxious. He knew that Moriarty wouldn't hesitate to kidnap El, and maybe even kill her, or send her back to the laboratory. All of those possibilities frightened and angered him. She was just a child, she didn't need to be around all of this; especially not after she'd just escaped whatever horrors she'd faced back at Baskerville.

"Something's bothering you," Sherlock stated, standing up after collecting all the evidence he needed. "You're worried about El, aren't

you?"

"Yeah, actually," John sighed as the two began to walk to the exit.

"She just... Shouldn't be around all of this."

Sherlock didn't respond. He knew that was true, and he didn't want to put the girl in danger either, but... What choice did he have? Where could she go where she was safe? Now that Moriarty was interested in her, she wouldn't be able to escape him. She was better off at 221B, where he and John could keep an eye on her themselves and do all they could to keep the consulting criminal off her back. Plus, though Sherlock hadn't admitted it, he rather enjoyed her company. She was rather naive, yes, but the detective could tell that Eleven was a smart, brave girl, who was very eager to learn about the world outside Baskerville. He figured that after all this was over, he and John could arrange for El to go to school, and maybe she could get her own room... Maybe he could teach her to play the violin.

But these distracting thoughts quickly ended as he remembered the very real possibility that he wouldn't make it out of this alive.

12. Chapter 12

Chapter 12

"Guys, I don't think this is a good idea," Lucas Sinclair said as he and two of his friends walked through the woods, heading towards St. Aldate's school. "You know the police aren't gonna tell us anything. They didn't tell us shit last time."

"Not to mention that kidnapper could be lurking around," Dustin Henderson added, glancing around anxiously. The leader of the small group of friends, Mike Wheeler, sighed, running a hand through his messy brown hair in frustration.

"This is the best way for us to find out anything," he said. "Two more kids went missing here, and maybe if we can get information about what happened to them, we can figure out who killed... Who took Will."

Mike couldn't say it. Couldn't say what had truly happened to Will Byers, one of his best friends.

"Or the police will get pissed at us and tell us to go away again," Lucas replied, stepping over a small tree branch that had broken off its tree and fallen to the forest floor.

"We've gotta at least try, okay?" Mike answered, beginning to get irritated at his friends' reluctance. Did they even care about Will? Why was he the only one who seemed to want to find out anything?

Lucas and Dustin exchanged glances. They were both just as sad as Mike about the loss of their friend, but they were worried that going to the police to ask questions during a time when they were investigating wasn't their best course of action. Still, they decided that there wouldn't be any harm in at least attempting to get some sort of answer, even if they did, deep down, think that it wasn't really their best option.

"Well, okay, but if I get grounded for this it's your fault," Dustin said, adjusting his red, white, and blue cap as they emerged from the woods, arriving in the field where St. Aldate's School stood, surrounded by police cars, policemen, detectives, and yellow tape. Mike rolled his eyes at Dustin's threat, but didn't respond, walking towards the school with a sense of determination. He was going to get answers one way or another. Whoever killed Will Byers was going to pay for it, and he was going to make sure it happened.

Sherlock and John exited the school once the former had collected all the evidence he needed to take to St. Bart's to analyze. As they approached the car, Lestrade and Donovan following a few feet back, there was a sudden shout from several yards away.

"HEY!"

The four looked over and saw three boys. The one in the lead had messy brown hair, freckles, a fairly pale complexion, and wore a green jacket and blue jeans. The boy to his left had brown skin and short, curly black hair; he wore a red jacket and jeans. The last boy had a pale complexion, brown curly hair, and wore a red, white, and blue cap, along with a blue jacket and beige pants.

Lestrade sighed.

"It's them again," he said to Donovan.

"Who?" John asked, even though he wasn't the one the statement was directed towards.

"Friends of Will Byers, the boy found dead in the lake a few days ago," Lestrade answered as the boys got closer, stopping at the police tape.

"W-we don't mean to bother you! We just wanna ask some stuff... And please don't tell our moms!" the boy with the hat said. The boy who was leading them gave him a look before looking back at the four adults.

"What happened?" he asked. "To the two kids here?"

"That's classified at the moment," Donovan answered, clearly a bit annoyed that the boys had returned to bombard them with questions that they were unable to answer.

"Actually, I can tell you a few things," Sherlock said, striding over to the three boys, doing it partially because he felt that the children shouldn't be kept from knowing something that might give them some closure regarding their friend, and partially because he knew it would annoy Donovan, which was ever so enjoyable.

The three boys all exchanged surprised glances.

"What are your names?" the consulting detective asked, his hands behind his back as he looked at all three boys, silently deducing various things about them.

"Mike Wheeler."

"Lucas Sinclair."

"Dustin Henderson."

"Pleased to meet you," Sherlock answered, being notably nicer than usual, even if his voice still maintained its usual deep, fairly serious

tone. "I'm Sherlock Holmes. This is John Watson."

The detective had heard his friend walk up beside him.

"Um, Sherlock? Are you sure we should-?" John began.

"They have every right to know. Besides, the police aren't allowed to tell them, but we aren't the police," Sherlock answered with a small smirk as he glanced at his companion before looking back at the three children. "So, you wish to know what happened?"

"Yes sir," Mike answered as his two friends nodded. Sherlock nodded once.

"Two children were kidnapped by a single person, most likely a male," he began. "They were dragged from their rooms with a gun to their heads, with the boy using linseed oil to leave a trail for us to follow. Also, they-"

Sherlock paused as he heard the door to Lestrade's car open and close. He, John, and the boys looked over to see Eleven standing beside the vehicle, a brow raised in curiosity. As John glanced back at the boys, he noticed that the one in the middle (he thought that one was Mike, if he had heard their introduction correctly,) couldn't seem to keep his eyes off of the girl, while his two friends were occasionally exchanging glances and looking at Sherlock.

"Oh, erm, we'll be leaving soon, El, don't worry," the retired army doctor assured the child.

"I want to hear, too," she responded simply, ducking under the police tape and stepping over to stand beside Sherlock. "What happened to the children?"

Sherlock couldn't help but smirk a little at how protective John seemed to be feeling, judging by his demeanor.

"Well, as I was saying-"

"Did they hear any growling before the kids went missing?" Mike asked, his attention now on Sherlock.

"Growling? No," the man answered, shaking his head. "No, there weren't any wild animals involved in this; I am certain it was a man who took the children."

"Do you think... Do you think he has something to do with what happened to Will Byers?" Lucas asked. "H-he was our friend, he went missing and then-"

"They found him floating in a lake," Sherlock finished, which earned him a glare from John; a glare he was used to getting, because it basically meant "Don't say that."

"Ye...yeah," Lucas stuttered, slightly surprised by how blunt the man

was about it.

"Well, that... That I will have to look into," Sherlock continued.

"Promise it," Mike said, looking into the detective's eyes as he spoke, his voice breaking slightly as if he were holding back tears. "And mean it."

The man couldn't help but feel a twinge of pain in his heart as he saw the agony in the boy's eyes; Mike Wheeler was clearly very deeply hurt over the loss of his friend, and he needed answers... Sherlock glanced at John, and then at El; both of them looked equally sad in response to Mike's obvious pain, although Eleven had a bit more of a thoughtful, serious look as well.

"... I promise," Sherlock finally answered after a few seconds of consideration before ducking under the tape, heading to the car.

"Wait! How're you gonna contact us?" Dustin called out.

"Give your numbers to John, I need to go to my Mind Palace for a moment," the detective answered as he climbed into the police car. The boys all exchanged confused glances before turning to the detective's friend. After giving him their numbers, (which was done after El handed over his now-almost-dead phone so he could enter them into his contacts,) the boys all thanked him.

"I assure you, Sherlock is the most intelligent man I know, he'll find out whether there's a connection or not," John assured the children.

"He will," Eleven added, looking at Mike Wheeler, who stared back with a small smile, something that he hadn't done in ages.

"Thanks," he said, nodding a little. Eleven smiled back at him.

"Alright, let's get going," John said, patting El on the back and leading her back into the car.

"You boys need a ride home?" Lestrade asked.

"Nah, we can walk," Lucas said. "Thanks though."

Lestrade nodded before entering his car, along with Donovan.

As the car sped away, Eleven stared out the back window, watching as the three boys grew smaller and smaller as more distance was put between her and them. She silently hoped she got to see them again... Especially Mike.

13. Update!

A/N: Hey, guys! I'm sorry that I haven't gotten around to updating this in ages. I've had extreme writers' block (again, ugh) and school has been rather time consuming, but hopefully I'll get a new chapter up this weekend! I'm so glad y'all are enjoying this story :) -Lela

14. Update Again

Hey y'all! Again, REALLY sorry about yet another long delay. I do want to continue this story, but I have a bit of a dilemma going on with myself because I kinda wanna start over on it, possibly on Wattpad. I just feel like I hadn't planned it out well enough and I don't know what direction I should go in. So I'm considering just starting over, but keeping the basic plot and stuff, y'know? I'm not sure, though. What do you guys think?

Anyway, thanks so much for the support for this story, and once again, I'm so so so so sorry that I've been taking so long with it. -Lela

15. IMPORTANT UPDATE Y'ALL

Soooo here's another update. So, I've been giving it some thought (now that I've got my urge to write back, yay!) and I think I've decided that I want to restart the story. I'm not very happy with my writing skills in the first few chapters so I figured I'd redo it and improve it a bit. However, I won't be posting it on Wattpad, but I'll just post it here! So keep an eye out for that, the re-done chapters should be up very soon! I'll be keeping the story basically the same, but again, just improving some of my writing and maybe switching a few plot points around. But, yeah, I'm finally gonna get back to this story, y'all! :D -Lela